

Big League Stories

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

VI.—MCCLUSKEY'S PRODIGAL

From "The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm and Other Tales of the Big League"

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PART II

Next morning Keene did not appear at breakfast, and McCluskey, who lived at the same hotel, went up to Keene's room. Kik's bed had not been disturbed, and all his belongings had disappeared from the room. An envelope lay on the dresser. It was addressed to McCluskey, and the manager ripped it open with nervous fingers. There was little enough of it:

"Dear Mac—I've got to go away for awhile. If there is anything coming to me take it in part payment of that two hundred."

McCluskey dropped the sheet of paper with a low whistle of amazement. Then he picked it up again and spelled out each word. It would not have surprised him more to have received such a communication from his wife. Kik Keene gone? Where? What for? It was unbelievable. McCluskey hurried down to the desk.

"Where's Keene?" he asked.

"His key's gone," said the clerk.

"Is he in his room?"

"His key was in the door," said McCluskey.

"Some of the players, looking about the lobby and reading the morning papers, gathered around the manager. "Kik's gone," said McCluskey.

"Gone?" said Fitzpatrick. "Mike, you're crazy."

McCluskey produced the note. At the same time the hotel porter arrived with the information that at 7 o'clock the night before Keene had asked that his trunk be taken to the storage room, to be left there until called for. The man who had taken the trunk was exhaustively cross examined.

"There was nothing strange about his manner (that I saw, sir," ran his testimony. "He's always quiet like. No, sir, he didn't say anything else besides telling me to put his trunk in the storage room."

No one had seen Keene leave the hotel.

The afternoon papers "played the story" on the front pages. Some brilliant imaginations were focused upon the disappearance of the star pitcher. The city talked with excitement for a great baseball player is almost as great a personage as a president and twice as popular.

For a week the papers were full of the Keene case, and then it gradually died away into the paragraphs headed, "Notes of the Diamond." The affair remained as much of a mystery as ever, and among the players from one end of the league to the other there was but one topic of conversation.

The Nonpareils, upset by their bereavement, fell into a slump and were forced to fight hard to win games from teams which held permanent leases on second division positions.

"I don't know what this country's coming to," said Mr. Obadiah J. Hoskins, agriculturist. "Ten years ago a man could live all the hands he wanted at \$30 a month and vitella. Now you can't get a man for love nor money. They all want to live in the towns and stave."

Mr. Hoskins resided five miles from Centerville, which is ninety miles from anywhere and 900 miles from some where.

"Father," said Mrs. Hoskins, "there's a man coming in the front gate. We don't want to subscribe to nothing!"

A tall young man walked up to the porch and lifted his hat. He wore a neat brown suit of a pattern and style strange to Centerville and environs.

"I heard you wanted to hire a man," said the stranger.

"You're better'n a good," said Obadiah. "Have you got the man with you?"

"Yes," said the stranger.

"You?" said Obadiah. "Oh, out!"

"I want work," said the stranger. "I don't care what it is, and it can't be too hard to suit me. The harder it is the better I'll like it."

"You're a city chap, ain't you?" asked Obadiah.

"I was raised in the country," said the man. "I know the difference between a horse and cow, if that's what you mean. It won't cost you a cent to try me out. If I don't make good you won't have to ask waivers on me."

"Hey?" said Obadiah. "What's that?"

"No work, no pay," said the young man. "How's that?"

"It sounds all right," said Obadiah cautiously. "Where'd you come from?"

"East," said the young man.

"What for?"

"For a change."

"U-m-m-m," said Obadiah. "You look healthy, all right."

Obadiah retired into the house, where he held a whispered conversation with his wife.

"Something's wrong with him, mother," he said. "He ain't no farm hand. Like he looks no more than a good."

"He looks honest enough," said Mrs. Hoskins. "Anyway, there ain't a thing he can steal. Give him a chance."

Obadiah came out and moved down the steps.

"Show me your hands," he said.

The young man spread a pair of broad brown palms palm upward for inspection.

"U-m-m-m," said Obadiah, touching the knuckles with his forefinger. "I was mistook. You have worked some lately, ain't you? What's your name?"

"Brown," said the stranger—"Henry W. Brown."

Obadiah thought a moment.

"All right," said he at last. "When do you want to begin?"

"Now," said the stranger.

"In them clothes?" asked Obadiah suspiciously.

"They're all I've got with me," said Henry W. Brown. "I left my suit case at Centerville, but I haven't any working clothes in that—nothing but shirts and things."

"U-m-m-m," said Obadiah. "I'll git mother to fix you up some of my old overalls and a shirt. There's a right good room in the barn. You won't mind sleepin' there?"

"Not at all," said Brown.

"Hold on!" said Obadiah sharply. "You ain't asked me how much I'll pay."

"I don't care," said Brown shortly. Then he went toward the barn.

"I can't make him out," said Obadiah to his wife. "Did you hear what he said about wages?"

"Kind of loony maybe," said Mrs. Hoskins. "I'll hurry up and get him them things. It would be a shame to spoil that nice suit."

The new hired man put in a busy afternoon. There was a great deal of work to be done, and Obadiah wondered at the graceful ease with which the "city feller" swung through his tasks.

"He's as strong as an ox," said he admiringly to his wife. "Took right a-bout two. Super! most ready, mother?"

The hired man had been sitting on the back steps looking at the sunset. Obadiah had to call him twice before he raised his head.

Henry W. Brown ate his way into the good graces of Mrs. Hoskins at once. He could have found no surer road to that kind and motherly heart. The hired man sat on the edge of his bed and stared at the lithographs on the wall.

"It's a fubst fight," said he between his teeth. "Either I'm going to beat it this time or I'll lick me."

He had expected a restless night, but twenty minutes after he blew out his candle the hired man was snoring. The afternoon's work had not been without his effort. In an inconceivably short time Obadiah was snoring at the door.

"Breakfast," he said.

The hired man sat up, rubbed his eyes and stared at him.

"I sleep like a top," he said to him. "There was a tone of surprise in his voice."

That was the first round of the fight to a finish.

Obadiah was still wondering at the end of two weeks.

"Sometimes," said he, "he acts as if he was possessed. I never see a man work so hard in my life. He wears me out finding things for him to do. I told him today he'd better let up and take it easy. What do you think he said?"

He turned on me like a flash and kind of spit it out like he was mad. 'I want to work hard,' he says. 'That's my only chance.' What do you think of that? You s'pose he got into trouble before he come here?"

"He's got something on his mind," said Mrs. Hoskins. "I don't know's you've noticed how nervous he's been the last few nights. He jumps when you speak to him, and then he kind of hangs around as if he didn't want to go to bed. Father, it wouldn't surprise me a bit if he'd been crossed in love!"

Out at the barn the hired man was sitting in the doorway, fighting an enemy which he could not see.

Day after day he drove his body to the point where it seemed he could go no farther, night after night he lay awake, his teeth set, his eyes staring into the darkness, fighting against the craving which seemed to run through his veins like liquid fire.

At any rate, he had not surrendered. That was something gained. For a full month the agony continued, and then gradually began to die away.

"Not yet," said the hired man. "I've got to know this time!"

At the end of six weeks "mother" wondered if the hired man was forgetting his love affair.

"He's a lot friskier," she remarked. "Don't you think so, father?"

"U-m-m-m," said Obadiah. "He tells a lot of funny stories now. Funniest stories you ever heard."

At the end of three months the hired man went to Centerville and returned with a square package from the express office. It contained several red pasteboard boxes.

Brown opened one of them the next day and took out a round object covered with glittering tin foil. Later he chinked a circle on the side of the barn about three feet from the ground and

NEWS THAT COMMENT THAT NEWS



The Star-Bulletin's Page of Sport

Edited by LACORDA DEDINGTON

TENNIS HINTS.

BY LOB.

Watch for foot faults. It is only within the last two years that foot faults have been considered important even in championship tournaments. As a result the present rigid observance of the old rule is discouraging the best players of the country, who, if they had learned to observe the rule at the start of their tennis, would have no worry removed from their minds when they achieved international or national reputation.

Briefly, the foot fault consists in moving the foot over the back court line when serving. Usually it is in the nature of a hitch or a hop just as the ball is struck on the serve. The rule specifically states that the foot must not be moved until the ball has passed over the net, and the hitch is taken as a violation. The rule was framed to prevent the server from coming up too rapidly to the net and thus gaining a big advantage over his opponent.

YESTERDAY'S SCORES IN THE BIG LEAGUES

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At New York—St. Louis 3, New York 2 (called fifth; wet grounds).

At Brooklyn—Chicago 2, Brooklyn 3.

At Philadelphia—Pittsburgh 4, Philadelphia 5.

At Boston—Cincinnati 0, Boston 0 (called in thirteenth inning of darkness).

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

At Chicago—First game: Cleveland 0, Chicago 2; second game: Cleveland 0, Chicago 2.

How They Stand

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Including yesterday's games.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Philadelphia	55	34	.615
Boston	55	46	.545
Washington	54	47	.535
St. Louis	52	48	.519
Chicago	52	50	.510
Detroit	52	51	.505
New York	44	57	.435
Cleveland	32	74	.302

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Including yesterday's games.

	W.	L.	Pct.
New York	55	40	.579
St. Louis	55	49	.529
Boston	51	46	.526
Chicago	53	49	.520
Philadelphia	47	51	.480
Brooklyn	45	50	.474
Cincinnati	45	54	.455
Pittsburgh	42	54	.438

TIGERS HAVE MIDGETS TO OPEN BATTING ORDER

With Billy Purcell, former White and Red Sox third sacker, substituting for George Moriarty, who is out of the game with a broken finger, the first three men to step to the plate for Detroit are the smallest in the league. Scidmore ever has a pitcher been compelled to serve three midgets like this trio in order.

First comes Bush, the smallest shortstop in the American. Then there is Purcell, the shortest and lightest third sacker, and third comes High, subbing for Ty Cobb, who is out with a broken hand. High is only a half inch taller than Harry Lebhold, but outside of the Cleveland kid he can claim to be the smallest gardener in the league.

Some people are too dull to cut even an undesirable acquaintance. carefully stepping off a certain number of paces, began to throw a ball at the mark.

"Land of love!" said Mrs. Hoskins. "What all the mare that she's kicking at?"

Obadiah went out to see and returned chuckling to himself.

"What do you think Brown's doing?" he asked. "Standing out there throwing a baseball against the side of the barn. Go look at him through the window. It's as good as a circus!"

This strange performance happened several times a day. Obadiah asked a thousand questions.

"Oh, it's good for the arm," said the hired man.

"U-m-m-m," said Obadiah thoughtfully. Then, commiseratingly: "Too bad you don't get enough exercise! I'll have to see to that."

"It's a fool thing," said Obadiah to his wife. "I don't know what all the fellow's doing but the way he throws that ball around is a caution. I watched him ten minutes, and he didn't miss that circle once. Maybe it's the way he kicks his right leg that does it. And the way he can make that ball twist around! It don't seem possible!"

Later Obadiah slapped his thigh.

"I've got it!" he said. "You know the way he reads their city papers and all the sporting pieces? I'll bet he wants to be a ball player. That's what all this is. He better stay where he's well off."

(To be continued)

Akana Leads Oahu League Batters: Portuguese Best Fielders as Team

Lang Akana, the plugging center fielder of the Chinese, has jumped into the lead of Oahu batters, according to the averages including last Sunday's games, compiled by Secretary Raposo.

The Portuguese are still ahead in team fielding, while the Puns lead the other clubs with the big stick.

The figures follow:

OAHU BASEBALL LEAGUE.

Team Fielding Averages.

	P.O.	A.	E.	TC.	Pct.
P. A. C.	135	61	11	207	.947
Chinese	135	79	19	233	.918
Coast Defense	105	52	15	172	.913
Hawaii	132	74	22	228	.904
Punahou	132	71	22	225	.902
St. Louis	132	72	23	227	.899
Asahi	132	63	26	221	.882

Team Batting Averages.

	G	A	B	R	H	2B	3B	HR	TB	SB	SH	BP	SO	Pct.
Punahou	5	178	39	41	5	2	62	4	6	1	15	23	230	
Chinese	5	172	17	36	2	3	2	50	14	5	3	10	36	.209
Coast Defense	4	125	21	36	8	2	1	38	7	3	3	13	31	.208
P. A. C.	5	171	18	30	1	0	1	34	6	3	1	17	40	.175
Hawaii	5	162	24	28	5	0	0	33	12	8	3	26	47	
St. Louis	5	167	10	28	4	0	1	35	8	2	4	6	40	.163
Asahi	5	147	14	24	5	0	0	29	9	3	4	23	32	.163

Individual Batting Averages.

	G	A	B	R	H	2B	3B	HR	TB	SB	SH	BP	SO	Pct.
Akana (C)	5	19	3	7	1	0	1	9	4	0	0	2	2	.368
Sadler (P)	5	20	3	7	2	0	0	9	0	0	0	3	3	.350
Yen Chin (C)	5	18	3	6	4	1	0	8	2	0	1	2	1	.333
Zerbe (PAC)	5	19	2	6	1	1	0	10	1	0	0	3	5	.316
Placer (PAC)	5	19	2	6	1	0	0	7	2	0	0	2	1	.316
Walker (H)	5	16	2	5	1	0	0	6	1	0	0	0	2	.313
Araki (A)	5	16	1	5	0	0	0	5	2	1	2	3	3	.311
Chillingworth (H)	5	20	4	6	2	0	0	7	6	2	0	1	1	.300
Mishi (A)	5	17	1	5	0	0	0	5	1	1	0	2	4	.294
Sousa (PAC)	5	17	2	5	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	5	2	.294
Joe Ornelas (PAC)	5	17	1	5	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	1	2	.294
Brewer (P)	5	14	5	4	1	0	0	5	0	0	0	4	2	.286
Lawson (CD)	4	14	4	4	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	5	.286
D. Desha (H)	5	18	2	5	0	0	0	5	1	0	1	0	1	.278
Kal Luke (C)	5	20	2	6	0	0	0	6	1	0	0	0	3	.273
Naves (PAC)	5	20	3	5	1	0	1	9	1	0	0	1	5	.263
Lai Tin (C)	5	19	5	5	0	0	0	5	4	0	0	2	0	.263
Aylett (SL)	4	12	8	3	1	0	0	4	2	0	0	0	4	.250
Henshaw (P)	4	16	1	4	0	0	0	4	0	1	0	0	5	.250
Moriyama (A)	5	17	2	4	1	0	0	5	1	0	0	3	3	.235
O'Hara (CD)	4	13	4	3	1	0	0	4	4	1	0	3	0	.231
Carroll (PAC)	4	13	0	3	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	3	2	.231
Argabrite (P)	5	18	5	4	1	1	0	10	1	3	1	1	2	.222
Florki (C)	5	18	1	4	0	1	0	6	1	0	0	3	7	.222
Lawson (P)	4	14	2	3	0	1	0	7	1	0	0	2	2	.214
O'Brien (P)	4	14	2	3	0	1	0	5	0	0	0	0	2	.214
Hindley (CD)	4	15	1	3	2	0	0	6	0	0	0	1	1	.200
Hodahl (CD)	4	15	2	3	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	2	.200
T. Uyeno (A)	5	16	4	3	2	0	0	5	0	0	0	4	3	.188
Francis (H)	5	16	4	3	1	0	0	4	1	1	0	2	2	.188
Schuman (SL)	5	16	0	3	0	0	0	3	0	0	1	2	4	.188
Yamashiro (A)	5	17	1	3	1	0	0	2	0	1	1	1	3	.177
Mull (C)	5	18	2	3	1	1	0	5	0	1	1	1	1	.177
Joy (SL)	5	18	0	3	1	0	0	4	0	0	1	1	4	.167
Boyer (H)	5	20	1	1	1	0	0	4	1	0	0	0	8	.150
Rushnell (PAC)	5	20	3	3	0	0	0	3	1	2	0	1	1	.150
Devine (SL)	4	14	2	2	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	2	6	.143
Hoggs (P)	5	23	4	8	0	0	0	3	2	0	0	0	2	.130
Thomas (CD)	4	16	0	2	0	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	5	.125
Janssen (SL)	4	16	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	6	.125
Swan (SL)	5	19	2	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	7	10	.105
Hughes (SL)	5	10	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	7	.100
Cowan (SL)	4	10	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	5	.100

TENNIS PLAYERS AND POLOISTS READY FOR TRIP

GOLFING HINTS.

BY "STRAIGHT DRIVE."

Putting Practice—Walter J. Travis is probably the best putter among the top-notch amateurs of the present day. He owes